

The history

Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Falst. And here is my speech; stand aside Nobilitie.

Host. O Iesu, this is excellent sport ifaith.

Falst. Weepe not sweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods sake Lords, conuay my trustfull Queene,
For teares do stop the floudgates of her eyes.

Host. O Iesu, he doth it as like one of these harlotrie plaiers as
euer I see.

Falst. Peace good pint-pot, peace good tickle-braine.

Harrie, I doe not onelie maruaile where thou spendest thy
time, but also how thou art accompanied. For though the cam-
momill, the more it is troden on, the faster it growes: so youth
the more it is wasted, the sooner it weares: that thou art my son
I haue partly thy mothers worde, partlie my owne opinion, but
chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging
of thy neather lippe, that dooth warrant me. If then thou bee
sonne to mee, heere lies the poynt, why beeing sonne to me, art
thou so pointed at: shal the blessed sunne of heauen proue a mi-
cher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be askt. Shall the
sonne of England proue a theefe, and take purses? a question to
be askt. There is a thing Harry, which thou hast often heard of,
and it is knowne to many in our land by the name of pitch. This
pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile, so doth the com-
panie thou keepest: for Harrie now, I do not speake to thee in
drinke, but in teares; not in pleasure but in passion: not in words
onely, but in woes also: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom
I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man and it like your Maiestie?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifayth, and a corpulent, of a cheerful
looke, a pleasing eie, and a most noble carriage, and as I thinke
his age some fiftie, or birladie inclining to threescore, and now
I remember me, his name is *Falstalffe*, if that man shoulde bee
lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I see vertue in his
lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit
by the tree, then peremptorily I speake it, there is vertue in that
Falstalffe, him keepe with, the rest banish, and tell me now thou
naughtie varlet, tell me where hast thou beene this month?

Pr.

of Henrie the

Prin. Dost thou speake like a king,
ile play my father.

Fal. Depose me, if thou dost it halfe-
ly, both in word and matter, hang me vpon
bet sucker, or a poulters Hare

Prin. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand, iudge my ma-

Prin. Now Harry, whence come y-

Fal. My noble Lord from Eastche-

Prin. The complaints I heare of th-

Fal. Zbloud my Lord they are false: I
prince I faith.

Prin. Swarest thou vngratious be-
on me, thou art violently carried awaie
uell haunts thee in the likenesse of an o-
is thy companion: why dost thou co-
humours, that boultinghutch of beafl-
of dropies that huge bombard of sack-
guts, that roasted Manningtre Oxe with
that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, th-
nity in yeares, wherein is he good, but
wherein neat and clenly, but to earue a
cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, I
uous, but in al things? wherein worthy

Fal. I would your grace would ca-
meanes your graces?

Prin. That villanous abominable
falffe, that olde white bearded Sathan

Fal. My Lord, the man I know.

Prin. I know thou doest.

Fal. But to say I knowe more harm-
were to say more then I know: that h-
rie, his white haire doe witness it, but
uerence, a whoremaster, that I vtterlie
be a fault, God helpe the wicked; if to
then many an old host that I know is
hated, then Pharaos lane kine are to b-
banish Peto, banish Bardoll, banish

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